

Family Tree

Belle and Sebastian

I've been feeling down
I've been looking round the town
For somebody just like me
But the only ones I see
Are the dummies in the window
They spend their money on clothes
It saddens me to think
That the only ones I see are mannequins
Looking stupid, being used and being thin
And I don't know why I hang around with them

The way they act, I'd rather be fat than be confused
The way they act, I'd rather be fat than be confused
Than be me in a cage
With a bottle of rage
And a family like the mafia

I've been feeling blue
And I don't know what to do
And I never get a thrill
And they threw me out of school
'Cause I swore at all the teachers
Because they never teach us
A thing I want to know
We do chemistry, biology and maths
I want poetry and music and some laughs
And I don't think it's an awful lot to ask

So won't you please get up off your knees, and let me go
So won't you please get up off your knees, and let me go
'Cause I'm here in a cage
With a bottle of rage
And a family like the mafia

If my family tree goes back to the Romans
Then I will change my name to Jones
If my family tree goes back to Napoleon
Then I will change my name to Smith
If my family tree goes back to the Romans
Then I will change my name to Jones
If you're looking at me to be an accountant
Then you will look but you will never see
If you're looking at me to start having babies
Then you can wish because I'm not here to fool around
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around

There is too much love!
I could hang about and burn my fingers
I've been hanging out here waiting for something to start
You think I'm faultless to a 'T'
My manner set impeccably
But underneath I am the same as you

I could dance all night like I'm a soul boy
But I know I'd rather drag myself across the dance floor
I feel like dancing on my own

Where no one knows me, and where I
Can cause offence just by the way I look

And when I come to blows
When I am numbering my foes
Just hope that you are on my side my dear

But it's best to finish as it started
With my face head down just staring at the brown formica
It's safer not to look around
I can't hide my feelings from you now
There's too much love to go around these days

You say I've got another face
That's not a fault of mine these days
I'm honest, brutal and afraid of you